

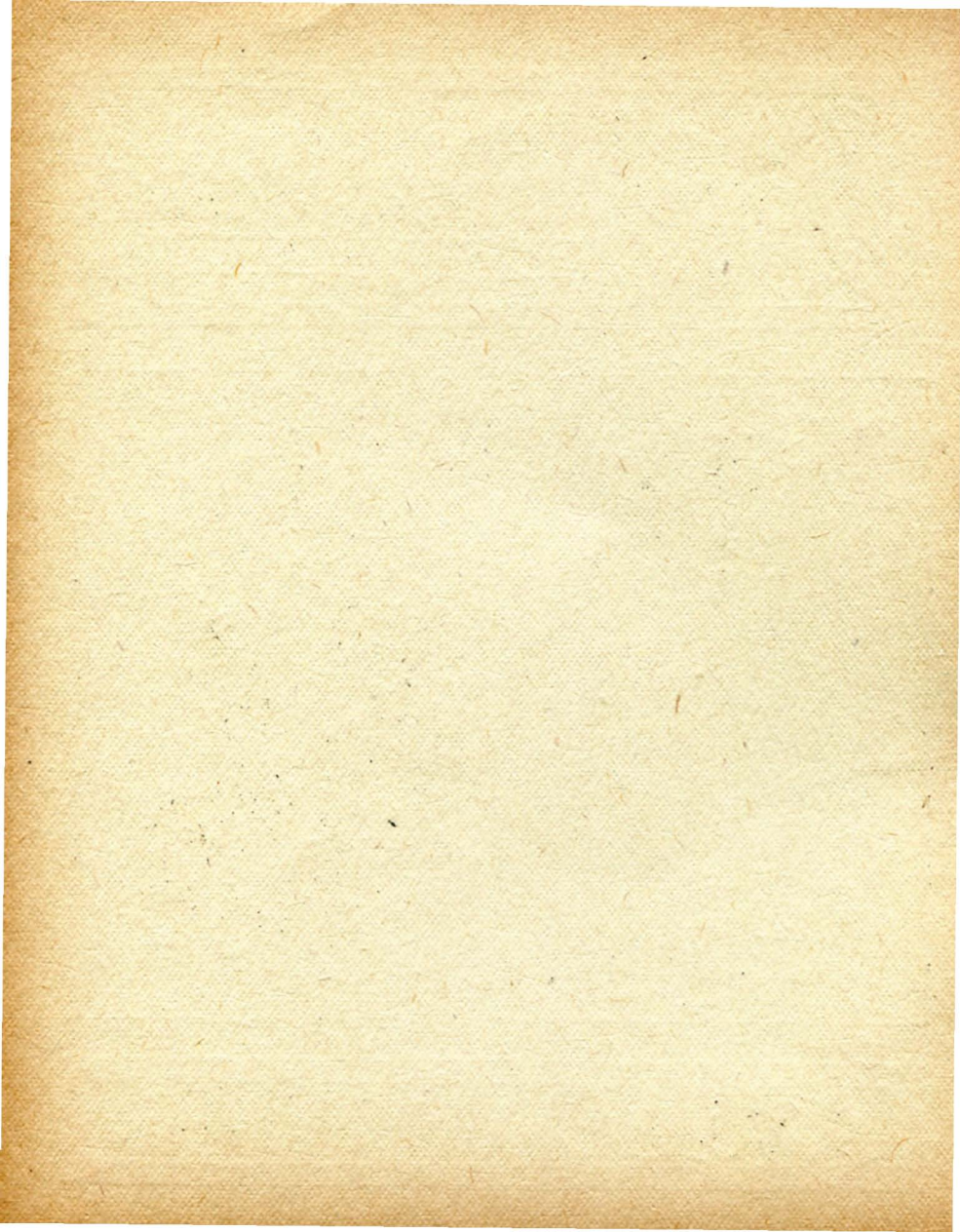
Jim Jam Jems

BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

MAY
1922



A VOLLEY OF TRUTH





SAM H. CLARK, Editor and Publisher.
Bismarck, North Dakota

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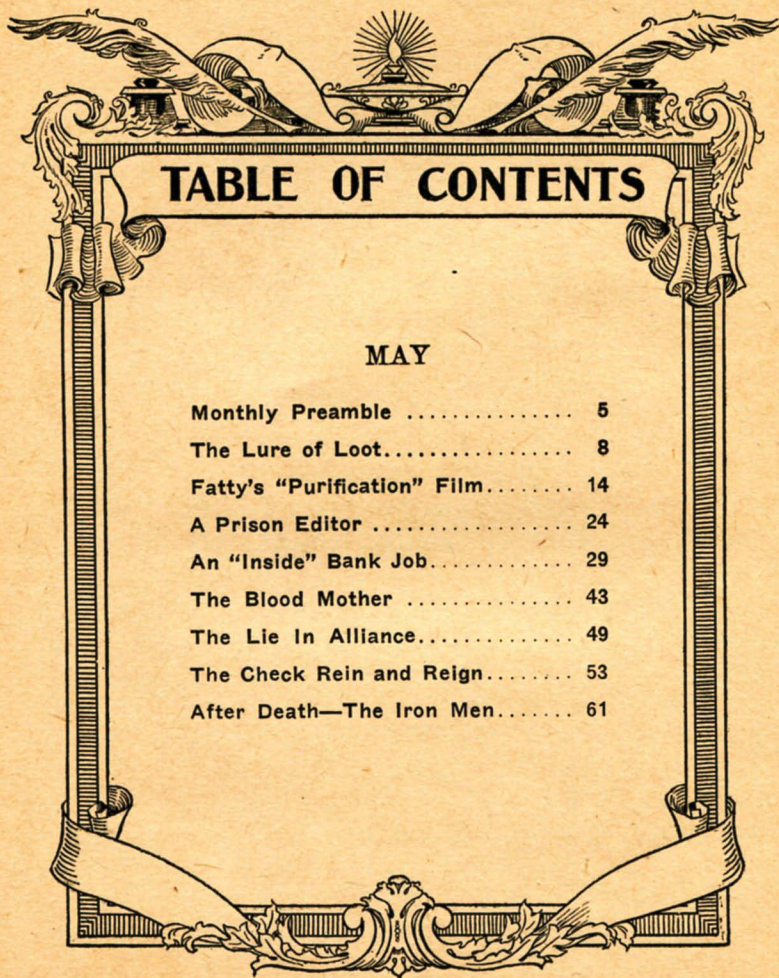
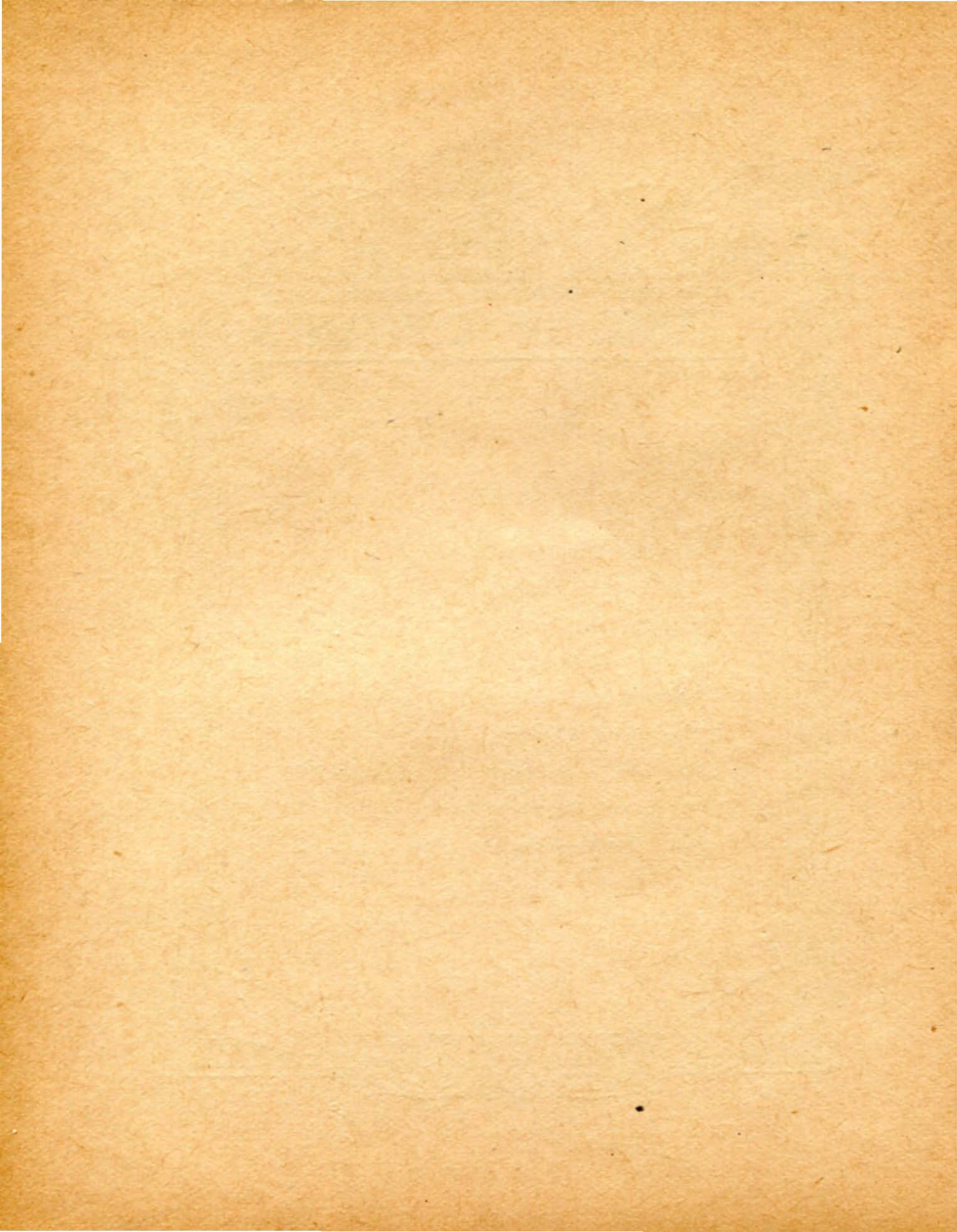
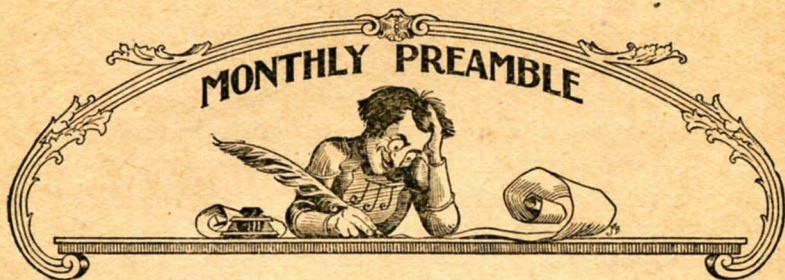


TABLE OF CONTENTS

MAY

Monthly Preamble	5
The Lure of Loot.....	8
Fatty's "Purification" Film.....	14
A Prison Editor	24
An "Inside" Bank Job.....	29
The Blood Mother	43
The Lie In Alliance.....	49
The Check Rein and Reign.....	53
After Death—The Iron Men.....	61





FAITH, like a gleaming taper's light, adorns and cheers our way." Who has not looked backward with a sigh, and who has not wept for memory? Were it not for memory, how empty life would seem? As we set about to write this preamble, we are looking backward—back over the years to our boyhood. The month of May is upon us again, that glad sweet month of spring that brings the happy notes of yellow-throated songsters, the warm breezes that cause the wood-violets to peep their heads through the moss—May with its breath of fragrance and new life and hope! Perhaps you have already guessed why we are looking backward, for May each year brings Mother's Day and we cannot think long of Mother without tracing Time's flight back over the years to where our careless childhood strayed.

JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

A great man once said "I think it must be somewhere written that the virtues of the mother shall be visited upon the children as well as the sins of the fathers." Surely there is something divine—something infinitely wonderful about motherhood that stamps itself indelibly upon all humanity. A man can have but one sentiment in his heart that responds to the word Mother! And yet, with each passing year, that sentiment seems to grow finer and sweeter. Eleven years ago, when the first May number of Jim Jam Jems appeared, we dedicated that number to Mother and to Mother's Day. And each year since we have made the May number a "Mother's Number" and have paid tribute to Motherhood in our preamble.

We have no new sentiment to offer you, but perhaps we may have a new thought that will tend to refine the reverence, the love, the faith that lies in every human heart for Mother. As we write, our thoughts wing back over the years to our own dear Mother. Her sweet, abiding faith has clung to us always. As a man grows older and gets beyond the influence of the faith that surrounded him in boyhood, he becomes skeptical and it is but human for him to outwardly indicate a lessening of faith. And the sorrows and trials that come to us in mature years tend to make the average man unfair to himself. Your first prayer, learned at mother's knee, rooted a faith in your heart that cannot be entirely wiped out by adversity, or experience, or knowledge, or worldliness. If you go back and grope for it,

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you will find that it is still there. The faith we are talking about is not the agonizing, hysterical, showy manifestation of piety or the continual parading of any particular religious belief. Perhaps we can explain it better by way of illustration. For instance, when we were a lad at home we were awakened suddenly one night by a strange noise. We sat up in bed, startled; it was dark and we were afraid. We slipped out of bed and leaving our room started down the hall; before the library door we hesitated and looked up; we knew that the library was where our father worked late at night; we heard no sound, but that light dissipated our fears; we went back to bed and to sleep, for we had seen the light—and we knew that our Father was keeping watch and ward beyond. That is the faith that was instilled in our heart at Mother's knee. Stop, friend, and think! Don't fool yourself into believing that you haven't that faith still. The light from Heaven streams through a thousand transoms daily. Worldliness, experience, independence have caused you to take the light as a matter of course, but if you will be honest with yourself, you will find that your childhood faith is still there and you know that the All Father is keeping watch and ward beyond. On Mother's Day spend an hour in communion with yourself. In memory kneel at her side and with your head buried in her lap let that old influence come back to you. Let her faith light up your heart once again and you will be nearer Heaven in that moment than you have been since childhood.

JIM JAM JUNIOR.

THE LURE OF LOOT



RIGHT here and now we are going to peel some white gloves from dirty paws. The dirty paws belong to gangs of international thugs systematically looting China and the white gloves are the Pecksniffian phrases of hypocrisy hiding paws of predacity. We are going to hand you the TRUTH AS IT IS about the pillage of China because you have been fed messes of sanctified “bunk” poll-parroted and press-agented by the tools of the looters. Notice that the words “tool” and “loot” spell each other backwards too—as they work.

Envisage China as it is, four hundred millions of peace lovers in a war-drenched world. It has been and is a helpless fat goose surrounded by a gang of loot-hungry international coyotes.

First we are going to hand you the frozen facts about the plunder of China—how it was done and who did it. Second we are going to turn our volley upon a mess of diplomatic Ananias phrases—by which you have been chloroformed and bamboozled.

In 1842, as Robert G. Ingersoll graphically phrased it, Great Britain “battered down the walls of China in the name of opium and Christ.” Great Britain produced in India an immense surplus of opium for which a market must be found. Great Britain wouldn’t feed that death-dealing drug to its own subjects. Opium was then, as it is now, an international outlaw of commerce. Therefore feed it to “the Chinks!” Certainly and of course! China didn’t want its subjects prostituted to the God of Opium. But Great Britain must have its “market” for the damnable drug. Hence came the first “Opium War.” Great Britain grabbed Hongkong, forced opium upon defenseless China under the lips of its cannons and then had the limitless gall to fine China \$30,000,000 because China didn’t want its inhabitants opium-drugged! Peg this event as it was. Christian Britain at gun muzzles forced Heathen China to accept humanity’s greatest scourge. This was one of his “Holy Wars” anent which John Bull Pecksniff smugly belows. Of the two which was really “Christian” and which was really “Heathen?”

Now set the next peg of predacity where it belongs. The Chinese coast was infested by pirates—real honest-to-goodness pirates not masquerading under the gonfalon of

JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

"Christianity." They frankly risked their individual necks for individual loot. They were honest pirates—if there be any. Anyway they didn't drone out "Come to Jesus" and then stuff opium down your throat at pistol point! Great Britain objected. Piracy was alright when nationally practiced but Great Britain wouldn't stand for individual competition. China undertook to subdue her pirates. In so doing a Chinese gunboat fired on a pirate ship. Thereupon the pirate ship hoisted a British flag from among its assortment. Every pirate ship in those days kept an assortment of flags as part of its equipment any one of which it would hoist as best suited its purpose. But Great Britain almost split the firmament with a roar about the "insult to the British flag." That gave Great Britain an excuse for some international piracy of her own and a second war was staged with Canton bombarded, more "concessions" grabbed at cannons' mouth and China was fined some more millions and duly "bulldozed!"

Now watch the various international coyotes bite pieces out of China with their "concession" jaws. Comes Russia and forces a "lease" from China for the huge Shantung peninsula with a bank to finance it. Then Germany snarls that she "wants in" too. Russia refuses, says "This is our tid-bit." But Germany grabbed Shantung. Thereupon the Russian bear growled so much that China granted Russia a "concession" to build a railroad from Hankow to Peking. This gored the British Bull and he clamored for five "concessions" for five railroads. China refused. Then John

Bull bellowed a forty-eight hour ultimatum of "concessions or war" and got the "concessions!" Then comes Japan in the World War and grabs Shantung from Germany and gets the grab confirmed at the Versailles loot-fest.

There has been an orgy of railroad concessions in China. The American-China Development Company—just a convenient cloak for Wall Street piracy—got a "concession" for the Hupeh-Szechuan railroad. The usual diplomatic hulla-balloo came and the Wall Street pirates emerged with \$6,000,000 wrung from China through Great Britain and quit—with the money! Incidentally France and Belgium "wanted theirs" in the "concession" railway grab in China. "Spheres of influence" overlapped, diplomatic confabs ensued and a "consortium"—greatly paeonized as a "Christian" triumph emerged from the mess.

The so-called "missionary war" in China gave various international coyotes further bites from China—flavored with sauce of gold! It's our view and we frankly say so, that so-called Christianity needs more missionaries from Heathen China than Heathen China needs from so-called Christian nations. With over four hundred millions of Chinese dominating Asia it has been free from wars which have drenched "Christianity" with blood to its hypocritical lips!

We are now going to stick our stiletto of Truth into a mess of diplomatic phrases with which you have been chloroformed anent China. Take 'em as they come.

What's the "Open Door?" It's one of diplomacy's most sacrosanct slogans. It's been head-lined and paeonized and

adulated with saccharine phrases as if it were the open sesame to Paradise. The "Open Door," as applied to China is a diplomatic cloak for organized international piracy whereby all looters are placed on a level and get an even start with their loot bags. It means that under the international skull and cross bones of piracy your "starry banner" is placed on a level with other national emblems. It means that all international safe-breakers—as to China—are provided with the same brand of "soup." That's what the "Open Door" hokum means and that's all it means.

What's a "concession?" As applied to China it is a nationalized license to exploit or loot in some special phase of banditry. In China it is usually applied to railroad construction. It means that from the time the first transit man runs his first level until the last rail is spiked the "concessionaire" can run a loot orgy of cost—ultimately to be charged up to China on the international ledger. It is "cost-plused" till a bandit would blush, then merged into "securities" bandied about by bankers and finally charged into China!

What's a "Sphere of Influence?" As applied to China it is a diplomatic phrase whereby one international bandit marks off a certain portion of China for its own nationals to loot and exploit with "Keep Off The Grass" posted on its borders. Its Americanese equivalent is "We are working this side of the street, you take the other side."

What's a "Consortium?" As applied to China it is an amalgamation of international high binders, usually bank-

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ers, who agree to debar all others from their loot area. Its Americanese equivalent is a "closed loot trust."

"What's a "Stable Government?" It is really diplomatesque for a myth. As the world now is "there ain't no such animal" except in the U. S. A. But in circles of international banditry it means a government sufficiently powerful to prevent exploitation of it by aliens. As applied to China, by international and diplomatically conducted banditry, it means that China is physically powerless to prevent exploitation and hence is not in banditesque phraseology a "Stable Government." In Americanese its equivalent is "he isn't heeled."

What takes these various international bandits to China? Nothing in the world, brethren, except the lure of loot! It's the same thing that causes a band of coyotes to snap and snarl and bite and mangle helplessness in an unprotected barn yard! That's what the great Chinese Problem is, and all it ever was, a mere problem in division!

So when you read these sonorous phrases about the "Open Door," about "Concession," about "Spheres of Influence" and about "Stable Government" as applied to China you will know exactly what is really meant.

In China, conceived by Confucius, was born the Golden Rule before the birth of Christ. And in China for generations past so-called "Christian" nations have staged its most spectacular violations! So-called "Heathendom" originates the Golden Rule and so-called "Christianity" hands it the "reverse-English" in the land of its birth. Good isn't it?

Fatty's "Purification" Film



OR THE third time our San Francisco representative sat in the court projecting-room and watched the film of Fatty's Purification. This was Moviedom's third effort to get its hippopotamus out of the net wrapped—and Rapped too—about him. From the drawing of the first juror to the last stage-managed “close up” with flashlight pictures in the jury room the film was screened to a full house. It was like the final game of a world-series that had been tied 4 to 4! Hundreds of men and women patiently lined up the corridors waiting for some one sensation-surfeited to vacate a chair.

And there was a reason. Moviedom—after Fatty's Purification film had been twice messed up—had megaphoned

far and wide that this time Virginia Rappe was to be handled—as Fatty had handled her—without gloves! Moviedom served notice that this time it was going to deliquesce Fatty into a Purification Mold and it did. Desperate, after the repulse it suffered at the last trial, when Arbuckle almost got a San Quentin “location,” Moviedom fought this last fight with every ounce of its strength, with practically a bottomless treasury and with bombs loaded with venomous evidence against the dead Virginia Rappe. Gavin McNab and his horde of assistant legal directors battled like tigers from the first shot of the legal camera to the click of its last shutter.

It took over a week to okeh this San Francisco bi-sexual jury. More than seventy men and women were examined, re-examined and cross-examined before they were given censor seats and jury seats on this film. Finally after eight men and four women were sworn to try the case it was found—or at least it was charged—that Moviedom had astutely “put one over” on the prosecution. Edward M. Brown, a grocer, twice arrested and convicted for violation of the pure food laws, had been accepted by the prosecution. Nobody charges that Mr. Brown wasn’t perfectly impartial, you understand. But prosecutors don’t like those once—to say nothing of twice—convicted by the law sitting on juries! The prosecution made a wild, but vain attempt to vacate Mr. Brown’s jury chair and The McNab, the canny Scot, registered satisfaction.

Then for the third time unrolled the already twice-unroll-

ed film of Fatty's famous Labor Day party at the St. Francis hotel at San Francisco. But this time there were great gaps and "cut-outs" in this famous film.

Zey Prevost one of a pair of the prosecution's former star witnesses failed to punch the court time clock this time. She just had to go to New Orleans where California process doesn't run—and she couldn't return. Of course, Moviedom had nothing to do with this gay-plumaged bird's flight and heralded a denial long before any denial was requested! And so her story of what happened in the Arbuckle rooms at the St. Francis hotel last Labor Day was monotonously intoned into the record. But it hadn't the vivid zip and go and life-like paintery that it had when it fell from Zey's own rosy lips. This mangled the continuity of the prosecution's film.

And Alice Blake who, with the absent Zey Prevost, had witnessed all the various stages of the drunken orgies preceding Virginia Rappe's death showed visible signs of having been at least "interviewed" by Moviedom's legal battery. But through her and through Fred Fishbach and through Semnacher and through others who have figured in the two former trials there was projected the story of the advent of Virginia Rappe to the Arbuckle rooms last Labor Day, of the drinking, of the pajama and kimono clad dancers, of the discovery of Virginia Rappe and Arbuckle in the bed-room and of the now dead girl lying on the bed in agony! There was also projected the picture of the now dead girl as she screamed and tore off her clothes, of Fishbach and Zey Pre-

vost and Alice Blake giving her a cold bath, of Maud Delmont rubbing her with ice and of Arbuckle assisting at this film of debauchery. It was the same old story hitherto told but it lacked Zey Prevost's colorful presence and it lacked the pep and punch of the two previous narrations. It was dim—not vivid, you understand.

The prosecution flashed one surprise that made Moviedom stagger. Mrs. Virginia Breig, secretary of the Wakefield Sanitarium where Virginia Rappe died, swore that the actress told her that Arbuckle was responsible for the injuries she had received. Mrs. Breig stood pat against a fierce and gruelling cross-examination. This was the prosecution's one best bet.

As at previous trials medical experts discharged polysyllabic bombs touched off by golden fuses. The prosecution through Dr. Ophuls and Dr. Wakefield sought to show that Virginia's bladder was ruptured by external violence. But Moviedom moved in with Drs. Collins and Shiels and a host of other authorities and showed that the dead actress was suffering from chronic cystitis or inflammation of the bladder and that the rupture that killed her was "spontaneous" or was caused by falling off the bed as Arbuckle swore she did or by the shock of the cold bath. Moviedom scored heavily on the "spontaneous explosion" theory! Well, "spontaneous combustion" has lit many a hot fire ere this!

Arbuckle, taking the stand, told that same old yarn that was calculated to impress the jury with its possibility, but which no one seemed to believe—that of having gone to the

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bedroom to dress and having found Virginia Rappe lying on the bathroom floor; of having picked her up and put her on the bed; of her having fallen to the floor when he went back to the bathroom; and of his having then rushed to the other rooms to summon help. He told it just as convincingly as he did in the former trial. This time it was Milton U'Ren, and not Leo Friedman who cross-examined him, and for some reason the fat defendant was not subjected to half the grilling he got at the first trial when Friedman had him in hand.

All this was practically "old stuff" filmed twice before and made about thirty per cent of the film footage. Here come the high lights, never filmed before, and making about seventy per cent of Fatty's Purification film by an attack on Virginia Rappe's character in general and by proving that time and again she had indulged in liquor, gotten drunk, been seized with attacks that made her roll on the floor, rend her clothes and shriek just as she did in Arbuckle's bedroom last Labor Day. Moviedom moved right into this proposition. It certainly did, thusly.

The defense of Moviedom brought from Chicago Mrs. Virginia Warren, a nurse. She swore that in 1908 Virginia Rappe had been an inmate of a house maintained by a midwife, Mrs. Rafferty, and that while there she had given birth to a premature child. Harry Barker, a former sweetheart of Virginia Rappe's, corroborated the fact that the actress had been ill at Mrs. Rafferty's but of course he knew nothing of the interesting details! Mrs. Helen Whitehurst of

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Chicago projected herself with a long tale of numerous visits to cafes in Chicago with Virginia Rappe and always the girl had been drinking and always was ill thereafter. And Barker swore to a number of such incidents.

Eugene Presbury, the playwright, told of happenings at the Hollywood Hotel when Virginia Rappe after a drinking bout fell into a fit and rent her garments. Philo McCullough and George Stewart and Mrs. Jere Seedin and a dozen others of the movie firmament swore to like events. Moviedom proved in effect that when Virginia Rappe and liquor coalesced fits and clothes-rending explosions followed. This film footage the prosecution couldn't "cut out" and it registered strong!

It was these witnesses who after all furnished the high lights at this trial, for the big excitement occurred when, at the last stages of the hearing, the prosecution's rebuttal of evidence began.

From Mrs. Catherine Fox of Chicago, one gathered that while in that city Virginia Rappe had never had a sick day in her life. She declared that Mrs. Warren was a liar. She claimed to know that Virginia Rappe never had had need of a doctor. Why, she was with the girl almost daily for years. Especially in the summer of 1909 did she remember how well and hearty Miss Rappe was. Moviedom's lawyers sat and let her ramble. And then they produced the thunderbolt.

They brought Dr. Charles M. Barnes from Omaha, formerly of Chicago. And Dr. Barnes related how, in the sum-

mer of 1909, he not only had treated Virginia Rappe for three months continuously for a complaint not mentioned in polite society, but that his patient had been brought to him by Mrs. Fox herself, then known to him as "Dot Nelson." And by imputation and by inference one learned that "Dot Nelson," alias Fox, and her friend Mrs. Winnifred Burkholder who had also appeared as a witness to the Hebe-like condition of Virginia Rappe, in reality had taken a most remarkable interest in the girl during her young days in Chicago. The defense claimed to be ready with a lot of testimony concerning details of the occupation of both women at that time, but being forewarned that these alleged facts could not be introduced in evidence with any claim to relevancy, they kept them under their hat.

When all was over, no one in San Francisco was left with any idea that Virginia Rappe had been a shrinking violet innocently lured to the hotel rooms of Fatty Arbuckle!

Among other things the defense did during this trial was to blow Josephine Kesa, the listening chambermaid of the St. Francis Hotel, higher than a kite. They proved by the prosecution's own witnesses that at half past two on Labor Day afternoon—the time when the Kesa woman declares she heard cries of "My God! No. No!" emanating from Arbuckle's bedroom, neither Fatty nor Virginia Rappe were in there. And they took a whole lot of thunder out of the testimony of E. O. Heinrich, the finger print expert.

The plain fact is that on this third reel of the trial of the elephantine Arbuckle for the killing of Virginia Rappe—

this Fatty's Purification Film—Moviedom extended itself. If you've "got the dough" you can bake out almost any golden cake of justice in San Francisco and don't you ever think Moviedom hasn't the dough!

Zey Prevost didn't testify in person on this trial as she did on former trials. The testimony of Josephine Kesa with its thrilling "My God! No, No!" was blown out of the footage on this trial. The seating of juror Brown in the jury box didn't help the prosecution any. The medical gas bombs of the defense exploded more numerous and more sonorously than did those of the prosecution. The introduction of the two perjured witnesses for the prosecution, cleverly trapped and exposed by Moviedom, doubtless angered the jury.

But above all and beyond all was the ruthless handling of the past life of Virginia Rappe. It was as clever—and cold blooded—a film as was ever run in a court room scene. By tracing remorselessly her life, by picturing her dissipations, by showing her as an inmate of Mrs. Rafferty's midwife emporium in Chicago and by showing that she had been diseased for a long term of years—by all those things and by all their like—Moviedom in effect said to the jury "Damn Arbuckle as you will and yet his life conduct was as 'moonshine unto sunshine and as water unto wine' compared to Virginia Rappe's!" Moviedom in effect megaphoned that jury: "Grant that Arbuckle wasn't any Sir Galahad, grant that his halo was aflame with alcohol and not with Good Samaritan oil, and yet he was better than Virginia Rappe!"

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Moviedom in effect and very astutely through those thirty days of trial implored that jury: "Of two evils choose the lesser!"

And they chose to cut the net of the floundering hippopotamus by a sudden acquittal! The jury was out just exactly five minutes by our representative's watch. The actual time consumed in selecting a foreman, taking a ballot and signing the verdict was three minutes and then they returned and rendered it!

And don't you ever think that after pulling off one of the greatest "sets" ever filmed in any court room that Gavin McNab, The McNab, and his assistant film directors, neglected the "close up." It was stage set and directed to a nicety thusly. The crowd climbed on the benches and cheered with nobody "sternly repressing" them. Minta Durfee, Fatty's spouse—who had been giving him years of "absent treatment" before these court room films—threw her arms around his eighteen inch neck and deliquesced upon his linen. Then she planted a resounding buss upon the eloquential lips of the canny McNab. Then she and Fatty gratefully wrung the hands of the jurors who virtuously took all the glory coming to them. Then with the elephantine comedian and with his clinging, tearful wife in their midst Moviedom's camera crank clicked and the scene was frozen into film footage! Moviedom was right there with the sob stuff!

And did Gavin McNab, the most astute legal director with the canniest "toot" in all Moviedom, overlook the psychological moment? You know he didn't. While the hysteria was

at its flood tide he hustled that jury into the jury room and got them to sign a carefully prepared statement—which must have been miraculously ready for just such a contingency—exonerating the lumbering hippopotamus and containing an expression of hope that the American public would take him back into their hearts for the everlasting profit of the mazuma monarchs and the box office barons atremble for their tied up “Fatty” films of clownery! What Moviedom would do is to shoot a hysterical hypodermic of “nulife” into galumphing anticry and with the lacquer of an acquittal to revivify slap-stick clacquery!

We say that Moviedom staged an artistic “close up” on Fatty’s Purification Film!

But can Fatty, obesely gamboling o’er the movie stage—in short pants—again register salvos of applause goldenly echoing in box offices? Can a verdict—no matter how astutely staged in its “close up”—validate wassails, ornament orgies and disinfect debaucheries? Brethren, we doubt it.

And Fatty’s ego inflammation has been considerably reduced.

A PRISON EDITOR



HELL, YOU don't want the people to think that there are men of that caliber in here do you?" That is the closing sentence of an editorial penned by Richard C. Grey, editor of The Weekly Clarion, whose publication office is the State Penitentiary at Jefferson City, Missouri. The State of Missouri could and did "crib, cabin and confine" Richard C. Grey but it couldn't jail his ideas nor shackle his sense of justice. Here are the facts.

Miss Elizabeth Sutton, formerly living at the Christian Old People's Home and sixty years of age, had succeeded in saving \$93, \$43 of it in cash and \$50 of it in a Government

Bond. The meanest crook on earth advertised for a house-keeper, posed as a man of wealth, "borrowed" Miss Sutton's pitiful savings after he had "hired" her and left her at the Union Station in St. Louis while he stepped out on an errand—from which of course he never returned. St. Louis editors—and particularly the editor of the paper which ran the "come on ad"—noted the incident and it "never touched 'em." But it did touch Richard C. Grey in his prison cell and whatever he was there for we gamble it wasn't for defrauding confiding old age. Under the title of "Smoke Forty Less Cigarettes This Week" Mr. Grey penned this little gem whose rays struck our eye and here it is.

"Miss Elizabeth Sutton, 60 years old, who formerly lived at the Christian Old People's Home, read an advertisement in a newspaper February 23, of a man who wanted a house-keeper. She answered the advertisement, and was 'hired.' The man G. D. Brown, told her that he was buying some goods for his store at Danville, Ill., and was short of money—ready cash—so she loaned him a \$50 Liberty bond and \$43.

"Then he took Miss Sutton to the depot and asked her to wait whilst he had his suit pressed. Miss Sutton waited for several hours, and then fearing her 'employer' had become lost, she appealed to the police and was taken to headquarters and cared for by the matron, whilst officers searched without avail for the meanest crook on record!

"Miss Sutton says the \$43 and the Liberty bond was all

JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

she had, and she dislikes the idea of going back to the Old People's Home.

"Brown is certainly the meanest crook on record, and we should certainly hate to be categorized with him. There are crooks and crooks, and here is a poor, old, homeless woman left absolutely destitute by an able bodied man, who may eventually bear a number just like ours, and be considered by the public 'one of those convicts.' We think that it ought not to be hard to replace these \$93 from amongst the inmates and to that end we are writing this article.

"It only means a sack of Durham less here and there, and we herewith start the ball rolling with \$5. Come on, boys, and make up the balance— send in nickels and dimes, or dollars, or whatsoever you may be able to spare, to Grey or Mr. Hollenbeck, at the Deputy Warden's office.

"Hell, you don't want the people to think that there are men of that caliber in here, do you?"

There aren't any millionaires in the Jefferson City Penitentiary. You can't jail a million dollars—nor any other fair sized slug of money. Five dollars in convictdom is a fortune and a bag of Bull Durham is real wealth.

But these convicts, jailed because they were dangerous to their fellow men—out of their pitiful savings and out of their own pathetic deprivations—collected and sent Miss Sutton \$62! She said: "I'm taking their check in the spirit it was sent, I believe. I can easily see that those men don't want people to think, just because they wear stripes, that

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they are as great scoundrels as the man who robbed me of all I had. Please thank them for me."

You wouldn't think there was more real humanity in the few inmates of the Jefferson City Penitentiary than in all St. Louis would you? You wouldn't think that there was more real red blood athrob for humanity 'neath the prison pallid convicts in the Jefferson City Penitentiary than in all St. Louis would you? You wouldn't think that among the broken hearts behind prison bars there were more chords responsive to the touch of misfortune than outside those bars would you? But there was! That sixty-two dollars, painfully scraped from imprisoned poverty's deprivations, weighs heavier in humanity's real scales than many a six-figured check carelessly tossed off by millionairedom to some strutting charity organization and don't you ever forget it, brother! Those few words of Richard C. Grey, editor of The Weekly Clarion in Missouri's Penitentiary, penned behind prison bars, will figure larger in St. Peter's ledger than yards of bombastic editorials penned by sycophantic editors in luxurious mahoganized eyries in metropolitan purlieus and don't you ever forget it, sister!

And that final thrust—"Hell, you don't want the people to think that there are men of that caliber in here, do you?"—ought to pierce many a hardened hide of calloused predacity doing just what this "meanest crook on record" did only doing it on a larger scale.

We don't know nor care what miss-step bore Richard C. Grey within prison portals. In his breast and in the breasts

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of his fellow contributors to this defrauded homeless woman—even though it be 'neath prison garb—beat hearts athrob with real sympathy and live a real pride which burns to the bone this “meanest crook on record” and all his slick ilk—some of them in the seats of the mighty!

And when those prison portals open for Richard C. Grey we gamble that he writes high his name in real editorship outside prison walls.



AN "INSIDE" BANK JOB



HERE are two ways to loot a bank—from the outside and from the “inside.” A yeggman has at least some “guts,” he takes a bandit’s chance—he may be killed in his foray. Even a rattlesnake warns ere he drives his poison fangs into his victims. But these serpentine looters we are going to brand smoothly writhed themselves into a coign—and coin too—of vantage and then wound their slimy tentacles about their victims.

Here are the facts. The human serpents to whom we refer are J. C. Peters, W. W. Bergman and F. W. Wiebe. They writhed and undulated their trail into the Mohall State Bank at Mohall, North Dakota. Mohall is a prairie village of about a thousand population set in as magnifi-

JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

cently fertile a stretch of land as the sun shines upon. At harvest time with its yellow fields of grain, meeting the horizon, studded with emerald settings of waving corn and dotted with farmsteads it is as fair a picture as earth offers.

The Mohall State Bank before these serpents entered it was absolutely safe. In May 1916 just before these serpents writhed into it its capital was \$10,000, surplus \$5,000, undivided profits \$312, its deposits \$156,591, cash on hand \$50,172. It had no rediscounts, no borrowed money and every note and bill receivable was absolutely good. No officer nor director owed it a penny. It was an ideal country bank and sound to the core.

In a few brief years this trio of looters inflated it, gnawed out its vitals and left but a rotten shell.

We are going to show you, very briefly, just how they did it and then we are going to show you the trail of these serpents with their lootage whom we have followed to their dens.

The principal owner of this bank would not sell it to this coterie but he did sell it to C. D. Griffith, president of the First National Bank of Sleepy Eye, Minnesota, and the head of a chain of successful banks. We are going to refer to Mr. Griffith later on in this article. But as a matter of fact it was under C. D. Griffith's name as its president and under his standing and reputation that this serpentine trio wormed their way into the Mohall State Bank.

They ran two intake pipes to provide the flow for lootage.

Here is the first one. The State of North Dakota established a Guarantee Deposit Fund. Under its banner these pirates carried on a brass band campaign for Certificates of Deposit—guaranteed, you understand, by the State of North Dakota!

They had a “sucker list” of upwards of 5,000 names throughout Minnesota and other localities whom they circularized for six per cent Certificates of Deposit. They moved into Moviedom and used enticing picture slides. They ballyhooed C. D. Griffith’s standing and reputation as a banker, they touted North Dakota’s Guarantee Fund Deposit law and loaded the United States mails with false agencies for the sale of their Certificates of Deposit. They strewed their sticky fly paper of enticement for deposits and entangled many innocent victims. They established agencies for the sale of their Certificates of Deposit. They even took Government Bonds when they were down in the eighties *at par* and issued their Certificates of Deposit for them. By these various methods of brass band banking—as full of fraud as an egg is of meat—they ran up their Certificate of Deposit account from practically \$80,000 to practically \$550,000 in a few years. And on top of their stacked deck of cards they also had a “joker” concealed thusly. They frequently paid seven per cent on Certificates of Deposit, six per cent on the face and one per cent “on the side.” And they didn’t tell their victims—largely ensnared in the first place by the Guarantee Fund Deposit law—that any interest payment over and above six per

cent nullified and vitiated the Guarantee Fund feature! This might be a good card to play later on! What? But be that as it may, and noting that extra slug of venom in the sac, mark down in your brainery that first intake pipe of about \$550,000 of Certificates of Deposit money enticed into that loot bag!

Here is their second intake pipe for lootage. They established lines of credit with a large number of city and country banks in which they carried an enormous line of rediscounts—running into hundreds of thousands of dollars—which never appeared on their books nor in their published statements. No examination could disclose it. The notes really discounted—and for whose payment the Mohall State Bank was really liable—were marked off its books and the money was shown to be there in their stead. By the indorsement and guaranty of the Mohall State Bank or by a separate instrument of guaranty or by a contract of repurchase an enormous amount of worthless notes was foisted upon brother bankers and the liability of the Mohall State Bank for their payment was juggled, hidden and successfully concealed. Another clever—and damnable—scheme hatched in the serpents' nest! At the time they closed their den these concealed rediscounts ran to upwards of \$330,000! One bank at Buffalo, New York, has over \$40,000 of the junk—largely worthless. One Minnesota bank has more than its capital and surplus in their output.

Here you have the two intake pipes for lootage—one the deception of depositors by false published statements and

JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

lying enticements and the other the deception of brother bankers by foisting upon them large amounts of practically worthless notes.

Now watch the pipe through which ran this double stream of loot. There was set up in this bank—absolutely under the practical management of this serpentine trio J. C. Peters, W. W. Bergman and F. E. Wiebe—accounts known as “J. C. Peters Special,” “Peters, Wiebe and Bergman” and the like through which was run and undoubtedly diverted an immense amount of money. In twenty-nine months there was put into the “J. C. Peters Special” account over \$2,226,000. It covers over twenty-four double sheets and against it could be found vouchers or checks for only about \$180,000!

We are now going to show you some of the items that went out of these accounts when these vampires put on their wings and flew high.

On April 4th, 1919 there was paid out of this account \$4,087.71 to the Horton Motor Company of Fargo, North Dakota, for three Paige automobiles, one each of these cars going to Peters, Bergman and Wiebe.

On June 29, 1918 Peters, Wiebe and Bergman paid \$1,337.30 to Forsaker Brothers of Minot, North Dakota, for an automobile. One June 19, 1918 the same trio paid the same firm \$1,350 for another automobile.

On May 31, 1919 the “J. C. Peters Special” account paid \$6,000 for the Hanna land purchase.

JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

On May 9, 1918 they added another automobile to their string for \$949.05, on May 31, 1918 another for \$1,302.49 and on June 11, 1918 another for \$663.90. None of these ever appeared or ever were in the assets of the bank. Also there are items for diamond purchases, huge hotel bills and the like.

About Christmas time there appear these entries "W. W. Bergman, I should worry"—and we gamble he does ere we finish with him—\$100, "W. W. Bergman Merry Christmas" \$50, "F. W. Wiebe and J. C. Peters Happy New Year" \$100.

We could fill this issue with a list of items drawn against the "J. C. Peters Special" and like accounts by this trio for personal expenditures, "investments," and speculations running into enormous sums.

How did they get this money into these accounts? We are going to show you some of the methods which characterize this pillage. For example on June 26, 1920 a Certificate of Deposit for \$5,000 was issued to W. A. Mahl, marked "Paid" on July 29, 1920 and entirely unindorsed. Who got the money? Mahl never did. Fourteen per cent of all Certificates of Deposit stamped and entered as "Paid" have no indorsements. Who got the money?

Here's another method of mazuma extraction. Peters and Bergman had a contract to purchase a half section of land for \$9,000. They didn't own the land—merely a contract for its purchase. They found a farmer, named Barney Schuler, who had no money but wanted a farm. They

JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

"sold" him this farm for \$19,000, \$9,000 by assuming their contract to purchase and \$10,000 in his worthless notes which they promptly put in the bank and took out the money. The notes are there yet—not worth the paper that bears them—but these looters got the \$10,000! And on top of that, "Bill" Clifford one of the warm friends and an intimate associate of this precious trio put in a claim for \$4,500 "commission" for effecting this "sale" and okehed by J. C. Peters! Can you beat it? If this is banking give us banditry!

And right here we are going to side-step for a moment to casually mention "Bill" Clifford. We are now quoting from a letter written by S. H. Bevins, President of the First State Bank of Hawkeye, Iowa, to looter Peters—after the jig was up. He says among other things "In the meantime allow me to suggest that you consult with William Clifford as I consider him one of the best 'fixers' you have in North Dakota. If it has to go to a receivership try and get Bill to act." Bill may be a heluva champion "fixer" but if ever he "fixes" this serpentine trio and their lootages we'll quit exposing knavery!

Look at another "loan" cast into the receivables of this gutted bank. It is for \$10,561.85 on notes made by G. A. Tennis, one of the associates of this gang. It was "secured" by a third story mortgage on a quarter section of land already twice mortgaged for full value. The money was used to put Tennis into the presidency of the Security State Bank at Lake Norden, South Dakota, succeeding J. C. Pe-

JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

ters! And incidentally that bank was loaded with \$16,760 of the rediscounts of the Mohall State Bank!

So we could go on for pages listing the worthless junk put into the Mohall State Bank by this gang.

Of all the mass of notes receivable in this rotten shell when these looters were kicked out the receiver and expert credit men list it thusly:

\$373,000	Absolutely worthless
98,000	Slow and doubtful
25,000	Fair
10,000	Good

Among their assets was a "note" for \$3,867.31 signed "Discount on Liberty Bonds sold"—which doubtless represents some of the losses taken on Liberty Bonds when received at par against Certificates of Deposit!

We now come to the greatest farce ever enacted under a bank roof. We refer to the farcical increase of the capital and surplus of this rotten shell of a bank on June 2, 1919. The capital stood at \$10,000 and the surplus at \$10,000—on the books. In truth and in fact it had no real capital, it had no real surplus and it was at that time utterly unable to pay its debts by hundreds of thousands of dollars. It was as void of real capital and of real surplus as an egg is of hair and as rotten inside as the same egg of ancient vintage. On paper—and out of worthless paper—thirty thousand dollars was added to these already vacuumized items and thereafter the Mohall State Bank, rotten to

the core, paraded a fictitious capital of \$25,000 and a fictitious surplus of \$25,000—both non-existent! Among the paper junk fed in at this time was a \$4,400 note of the Northern Investment Company—an assetless corporate spawn from this serpent's nest—which the Mohall State Bank itself paid on November 30, 1919 to the Minnesota Transfer State Bank of St. Paul. So in the end the bank itself paid a worthless note given for stock issued by it to a stockholder who never paid for it. Little by little all the notes given for this increase of capital and surplus were fed into the bank itself where the bulk of them—or their worthless representatives—still remain. This so-called increase of capital and surplus was a farce, a fake and a fraud.

At that time on June 2, 1919 C. D. Griffith was, as he had for years been, president of the Mohall State Bank. At a creditors' meeting of that bank recently held at Minneapolis Mr. Griffith denied that he was present at Mohall at that meeting. He was shown the stock book which contained stock he signed at that time—but he replied that it might have been signed in blank and sent up. He was shown the minute book of the bank showing that he was present and participated in that meeting—but he replied that doubtless the minutes had been falsely written up. But the hotel register at Mohall shows in Mr. Griffith's own writing that he was there! We say he was there—much as he may wish he wasn't!

As to C. D. Griffith's connection with this putrid pit of high finance we want to be heard. He was a banker of

recognized wealth and standing. He served as president of the Mohall State Bank from May 15, 1916 to June 3, 1919. He was elected on its Examining Board on May 15, 1916 and he never filled that function as required by law. Mr. Griffith admits in writing that he had knowledge of unbusinesslike banking in the Mohall State Bank in the years of 1917, 1918 and 1919. He had notice by telephone calls and by personal inquiries of brother bankers that the Mohall State Bank was being exploited. He knew that trio of looters, Peters, Bergman and Wiebe were spending money like millionaires. During his presidency the Mohall State Bank had over \$200,000 of rediscounts that never appeared on the bank's books nor on its published statements submitted to the Banking Department. Also it had \$195,000 in excess loans—absolutely illegal. He participated in the fraudulent increase of its capital and surplus when he knew or should have known that the Mohall State Bank was then insolvent. Mr. Griffith had even written a letter before this meeting to his fellow officers in the bank saying that it was "silly" to increase the capital stock and yet he sat in that meeting and permitted it to be done! Had Mr. Griffith performed the duties required by his oath of office and supervised and checked over the notes and accounts of this bank and given it the attention he should have given it the Mohall State Bank would have been solvent today instead of being what it is—a stinking financial cadaver! While we are writing these lines Mr. Griffith is gaily disporting himself in Florida while some of the depositors are lying in

premature graves, while the life savings of scores of hard working people have been swallowed into bankruptcy's maw and while dozens of his brother bankers are bewailing frightful losses—largely because of his connection with the Mohall State Bank! What courts may say we don't know but we do know that in the Court of Fairdealing C. D. Griffith has an enormous liability!

We again resume our trail of this serpentine trio, Peters, Bergman and Wiebe. The banking house including land on which it stood was carried at \$3,000. It was insured for \$3,200. The furniture and fixtures were carried at \$2,500 and insured for that amount. On November 8, 1920—just fifteen days before the Mohall State Bank closed its doors—this serpentine trio increased the insurance on the building to \$10,000 and on the furniture and fixtures to \$5,000! Did that little building—costing only \$1,800 ten years ago—suddenly increase \$8,200 in value over night? And did somebody lose their nerve? And when they burned the correspondence of the bank for the year 1920 why didn't they burn the whole smear?

Follow now with us the W. W. Bergman serpent trail. The wife of this absconding cashier, Mrs. W. W. Bergman, went to the little town of South Greenfield, Missouri, where there were shipped to her two packages of Liberty Bonds, one package containing \$2,700 and another containing \$1,200!

Also there was shipped one package of \$9,000 in Liberty Bonds and another package supposed to contain a large

amount of currency to William Bergman, father of W. W. Bergman, at Lebanon, Oregon. The original insurance book of shipment shows that Peters, W. W. Bergman, his brother E. C. Bergman and L. V. Hanson, all in the Mohall State Bank, had signed the shipment book insuring these packages. Don't you ever think we didn't follow this trail. When William Bergman, the father at Lebanon, Oregon, was confronted with this proof he denied it. But at this very time there was in his own handwriting a postal card receipt signed by him showing the receipt of that registered package through the mails! And that very night at midnight this old man went to his safety deposit box and took from it two packages one of which was sent to E. C. Bergman at Rhame, North Dakota, and one to Harry Steadman at Mitchell, South Dakota. Harry Steadman married a sister of W. W. Bergman, the daughter of old man William Bergman of Lebanon, Oregon!

W. W. Bergman went to South Greenfield, Missouri, where his wife was and whither the two packages of bonds were shipped. He went from there to Portland, Oregon, and from there to Seattle and from there to Spokane, Washington. While he was at Seattle packages were shipped out by his father William Bergman from Lebanon, Oregon, to him at Seattle.

At Spokane W. W. Bergman lived in a beautiful home finished in beamed ceilings, the floors covered with oriental rugs, the windows draped with expensive hangings and fit-

ted with every modern convenience. He spent a great deal of his time at the Davenport Hotel shooting pool at a dollar a corner and buying grain options! Real estate men were engaged in looking for a still more commodious home for J. C. Peters—Bergman's fellow serpent in the Mohall State Bank. We gamble that before W. W. Bergman reaches the end of his trail his "I should worry" entry in the book of the Mohall State Bank will have a bit of truth in it!

We could fill this issue with details of the doings of this nest of serpents—Peters, Wiebe and the Bergmans—at the Mohall State Bank. It was as cold-blooded, as wanton and as atrocious an orgy of lootage and as thorough an "inside job" as was ever pulled off. They laid their pipe lines of pillage from deceived depositors through their false statements, through their picture slides and through their trading upon the name and standing of C. D. Griffith and from their brother bankers through the same means and by foisting upon them hundreds of thousands of dollars of practically worthless notes by the "rediscount" fake. The avails of these two flowages of loot they ran through the "J. C. Peters Special" and the like accounts—the precise proceeds of which cannot be traced by reason of the burning of correspondence. Small portions of the lootage we have traced by shipments mentioned. They found as safe and well managed a bank as there was in this land. They left it loaded to the guard rails with a mess of practically worthless junk which will barely pay costs of administration. By paying

JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

excess interest rates on Certificates of Deposit they have deprived hundreds of thousands of those deposits of recourse to the Deposit Guarantee Fund. If these serpents—Peters, Wiebe and Bergman—had to writhe their way through the tears of their ruined victims they would drown ere they could squirm a rod!

What we want to say to depositors besought to deposit their money at high rates under the banner of a Guarantee Deposit Fund is—Look 'Em Over! Look over carefully—and don't overlook—the men and their characters and their methods who tout for your life's savings!

What we want to say to bankers besought to “rediscount” the paper junk put out by such banking bandits is the same thing—Look 'Em Over! Don't be beguiled by exorbitant rates of interest, don't be befooled by false statements of a bank's condition, don't be dazzled by the use of a good name like that of C. D. Griffith as president! Look 'Em Over first—instead of last! They carry no rattles of warning.

If this trio—Peters, Wiebe and Bergman—who gutted the Mohall State Bank can flood the United States mail with false statements and can violate almost every banking law of the State of North Dakota and “get away with it” Justice had better unbandage her eyes, get off her pedestal and take to the brush! “I should worry” Bergman and his pals may “get away” with Uncle Sam and with the State of North Dakota—though we doubt it—but they'll have the heluva time getting away from JIM JAM JEMS.

THE BLOOD MOTHER



YOU can plumb the depths of ocean,
You can measure stars above.
But you ne'er can plumb nor measure
Depths nor heights of Mother Love.

We care not where on this round globe
you wander there is just one word fragrant
with the exquisite perfume of deathless love.
By the silver margin of the rippling brook;
by the hut on sun-kissed mountain height;
by the Indian wigwam; by the sod hut on the prairie;
by the hunter's cabin in the wilderness;
by the farmstead bowered in trees;
by the thatched cottage of labor;
by the stately mansion of massed riches;
by the

white tent of the Arab in the desert; by the miner's cot on the mountain side; by the poor city tenement teeming with humanity there is just one word of undying beauty in all tongues—Mother. It bands the world. It echoes down the endless walls of Time until they vibrate at its magic strains as at the breath of the Infinite. Mother Love is the most universal—and the most wonderful—proof of Jehovah's love for His children.

View with us the Blood Mother in Chicago's teeming tenements. Read to what heights of sacrifice Mother Love bore her. Listen to her simple words told to our Chicago representative—every one of them freighted with the holy sacrificial offering of Mother Love to her bairns.

Mrs. Carrie McFeely, thirty years old—but looking fifty—lives with her five children at 1635 Ferdinand street. Ferdinand street is but an unpaved alley branching off from 400 Ashland avenue on Chicago's west side. In fact it's a tenement hutch hole, a teeming human rabbit warren fetid with polluted air. This Mother and her brood of five children live in a dingy "apartment" of four small rooms at a rental of eight dollars a month. Before this reaches the eyes of our readers another little life will wail its way into these dingy rooms.

Carl McFeely, who disgraces the name of husband and father, is a floun poltroon. He deserted wife and babes and left this Mother alone to fend for herself and her loved ones. He was a chauffeur and tubercular but nevertheless an arant coward who fled at the fire of want. Here are the

words of this Mother just as they fell from her lips. "I don't know why God should curse me like this. I have always worked hard for my living and tried hard to be a good wife and mother. I have always been honest and taught the children to be honest. My husband was honest. But when it became plain that he had consumption it was hard to get work. Nobody wants anyone like that around. But I am healthy and had no trouble landing jobs. I hate charity. Maybe I'm too proud. But I preferred to work, and work I did. I cleaned and scrubbed offices and whatever else I could find. I didn't make much but made enough to keep us from starving. We had mortgaged the furniture for \$60. Our rent is only \$8 but we were in arrears. It takes more than people think to feed five hungry little mouths.

"But Carl was too inconsiderate. I would slave all day, get home and drop down into a chair from exhaustion and he'd never have a thing on the stove or the table set or anything. I was pretty much disturbed. Yes, I was really mad when I got home and there he was playing with the children with never a thought of getting anything ready to eat.

"I just told him I was sick of having to work for the whole bunch. So after I left for work the next morning he left and when I came back at supper time I found a note reading 'Nothing doing, I'll come back when I make good.' Yes, he was ashamed because I had to support him. He was really a good man and I was impatient I guess. I

have never heard from him since that day." So fades the poltroon from the picture.

The wolf of want bayed at the door of this deserted Mother until its grim visage drove her almost distracted. "It takes more than people think to feed five hungry little mouths" as she pathetically put it.

Money she must have—if she could get it honestly. Those children must be sheltered—be it ever so poorly. Those little bodies must be covered—be it ever so scantily. Those little mouths must be fed—be the food ever so coarse. Every clamor of her bairns for food tugged at her heart strings. And every thought of the coming babe—coming to this home of want—was a stab in her loving Mother heart.

She had sold her labor scrubbing until her hands were blistered but it didn't provide enough. There was a mortgage on the poor sticks of furniture and the home, such as it was, was threatened with disruption. What was there this distraught Mother could sell and keep unsullied her honesty? What had she with which she could part and beat back the leering wolf of want? She would give her heart's blood for those bairns, bone of her bone and flesh of her flesh! And she did!

To her agonized ears came the rumor that blood could be sold in Chicago—if it were pure. She traced the rumor to its source. She took the test. And pint after pint this Mother *sold three pints of her blood* to Augustana hospital physicians at \$35 a pint or a paltry \$105 in all and thus kept from starvation her bairns! And she says "I'll sell

JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

more blood too—I'm healthy and can spare it—if I can. The \$105 was a lot of money!" God in His Heaven! Brothers—and sisters too—this is no fairy tale. This Blood Mother bears the scars on the upper parts of both legs and on the left arm to show where she literally *sold her blood* to save her babes!

In the great City of Chicago where arrogant wealth regally flaunts itself, where church spires point heavenward and the greed of their supporters points hellward, where smug philanthropy preens its gaudy plumage, where Pecksniffian "uplifters" and "reformers" and their petty doings clutter the pages of a sycophantic press, where money by the million is squandered for a few Operatic Arias from the foreign lips of courtesans and roués, where Art Institutes flourish in tawdry splendor, where Rockefeller millions minister to Education, where Gold Coast denizens squander millions in sybaritic revelry, where food stuffs are stored by the scores of millions of value, where banks are aburst with hoarded treasure, where luxuries for which the world has been ravaged are piled up in department stores, where jewels torn from earth's bosom clutter display windows to charm feminine fancies, where high powered motor cars of splendor throng the streets, where hundreds of sky pilots pierce the empyrean with smug verbal charts to Heaven's battlements—there the Mother of five children with another on earth's threshold must literally sell her heart's blood to buy bread for her babes!

But above it all, above all this picture—literally as true

as God in his heaven—of “man’s inhumanity to man” and of woman’s heartless indifference to a sister woman rises the crimson tide of Mother Love and of Mother Blood.

On her worn face—radiant with Mother Love though pallid with the loss of Mother Blood—Mrs. Carrie McFeely still wears a smile and thanks her God that she had the blood to sell to feed her babes. Such is Mother Love whence flows Mother Blood.



THE LIE IN ALLIANCE



UNCLE Sam has presented his bill for guarding the Rhine—and the “rhino” of his welching allies overseas. Now watch the “lie” pop out of alliance. The proposition is absurdly simple. Here it is.

While the German goose was laying her golden eggs—not one of 'em for your consumption, mind you—our allies demanded an army of occupation to guard the process. Uncle Sam obligingly furnished a part of this army of occupation under this perfectly clear agreement. This it was and is.

The Armistice of November 11, 1918 and signed by both sides of European high binders provided that “the upkeep of the troops of occupation in Rhine districts shall be charged to the German Government.” Even the most expert and

accomplished of European "welchers" can't welch out of that language can they?

After that nail was driven in it was then clinched by this agreement made between Germany and Uncle Sam when their separate Peace Treaty was made thusly; "that the United States shall have and enjoy the rights and advantages stipulated for the benefit of the United States in the treaty of Versailles, notwithstanding the fact that the treaty has not been ratified by the United States." And the treaty of Versailles, the benefits of which are expressly transferred to Uncle Sam by Germany—is as clear as a bell about compensating the army of occupation in Germany. Now sum it up. The Armistice provided for it. Germany promised to pay it. The treaty of Versailles—whose benefits accrued to Uncle Sam—provided for it. Do you get it? You do not. What you do get is the "lie" in alliance—about all you have had or are likely to have from overseas! Here's the bill of account. The total cost of all the armies of occupation in Germany from Armistice date, November 11, 1918 to May 1, 1921 amounted to 3,639,282,000 gold marks. Belgium, France and Italy have been paid in full. Everyone of those welchers owes Uncle Sam stupendous sums of money but grabs its own army of occupation charges and leaves Uncle Sam holding the usual bag. The total unpaid balance of army costs up to May 1, 1921 was 1,660,090,000 gold marks. Of this amount there was due Uncle Sam 966,374,000 gold marks and there was due Great Britain 693,716,000 gold marks, of which she has been paid and

JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

has pouched 130,696,000 gold marks. Belgium, France and Italy have been paid in full. Great Britain has had a very substantial payment and Uncle Sam has been paid his usual collection of rimless ciphers. Germany has paid the army of occupation charges and the Supreme Council of our allies is taking darned good care to hand Uncle Sam no money—just the “lie” in alliance!

But for your army, but for your dead, but for your squandered treasure these international embezzlers of your money would be paying—instead of collecting for—an army of occupation. But for your men dead on their fields and but for your food fed their starvelings and but for your money showered by billions into their empty coffers your allies—with the accent on the last syllable—would be laying instead of grabbing golden eggs of victory. Without you the looters would have been the looted and then when you guard their loot for them they grab your policemen’s pay! If this isn’t the supreme acme of the highest height of refrigerated gall and the most supernal ingratitude and the most levathan “lie” ever embalmed in alliance you label it. That’s our stencil on these international welchers.

There is a large mess of sequestrated German wealth in this land. Why not take our army of occupation charges out of it? Why not for once refuse the hot end of the overseas poker with which we’ve been burned to the bone?

Germany had one good scheme—which worked—while she was occupying Constantinople. It was infested with a mess of famishing, howling dogs. She gathered them al-

together and put them on an island where they speedily devoured each other! If that could be done with your erstwhile overseas allies you would get rid of that last syllable in their name anyhow!

And oh yes! The British Foreign Office says that America's claim "is just but inopportune" and favors granting it if "Washington will not press for payment!" That has the true Pecksniffian ring to it—"just but inopportune!" Any payment to Uncle Sam from these overseas welchers, always mindful of the "lie" in alliance, always has been darned "inopportune" and doubtless always will be.



THE CHECK REIN AND REIGN



THE MONEY masters of this land drive the advertising press on a stiff check rein. It is in truth and in fact not a check rein, but a "check reign" drawn taut as mercilessly as hands of pillage can draw it.

We have read about the great American Press as the "public educator," as the "guardian of liberty," as the "tribune of the people," as the "sentinel on the watch tower of liberty" and as the "Archimedean lever that moves the world" until our trigger finger can no longer withhold firing at the whole nauseous mess of self-laudation. We are going to call some very expert witnesses as to the facts and we are going to do a little testifying ourself, too.

Note first the bomb of T. N. T. dropped into the laps of

a coterie of editorial worshipers of the golden calf by John Swinton at that time editor of the New York "Tribune"—when the chair of the great Horace Greeley was not as empty as it has been since. At a banquet of his fellow editors in New York City, Mr. Swinton was called upon to respond to the toast of an "Independent Press." Whatever Mr. Swinton had been quaffing, it wasn't snow broth and he handed out this wallop:

"There is no such thing in America as an Independent press unless it is in the country towns.

"You know it and I know it. There is not one of you who dares to write his honest opinions and if you did you know beforehand that it would never appear in print.

"I am paid one hundred fifty dollars a week for keeping my honest opinions out of the paper I am connected with. Others of you are paid similar salaries for similar things and any of you who would be so foolish as to write his honest opinions would be out on the streets looking for another job.

"The business of the New York journalist is to destroy the truth, to vilify, to fawn at the feet of Mammon, to lie outright and to sell his race and his country for his daily bread.

"You know this and I know it and what folly is this to be toasting an 'Independent Press'!

"We are the tools and vassals of rich men behind the scenes. We are the jumping jacks, they pull the strings and we dance. Our talents, our possibilities and our lives

are all the property of other men. We are intellectual prostitutes."

Not one of John Swinton's editorial auditors arose to resent this brand of "intellectual prostitutes" and of mental "jumping jacks"! They smugly swallowed the nauseous dose. They had to! It was force-pumped down them by the plunger of truth wielded by sturdy old John Swinton. It was true then and it is truer—if possible—now. Isn't it the "reign" of the "check?"

Hearken now to Mr. Frank I. Cobb, editor of the New York "World," as he rips off several layers of gauzy veils from the face of editorial flunkeyism thusly:

"For five years there has been no free play of public opinion in the world. Confronted by the inexorable necessities of war, governments conscripted public opinion as they conscripted men and money and materials. Having conscripted it they dealt with it as they dealt with other raw recruits. They mobilized it. They put it in charge of drill sergeants. They goose-stepped it. They taught it to stand at attention and salute."

But Mr. Cobb doesn't tell you that there were 656 propaganda publications issued at Washington alone, printed in 287 different printing plants at an expense of over \$2,500,000 largely filled with the mutual admiration slush of mutually admiring bureaucrats. He doesn't tell you that there were 164 periodicals published by the Army and Navy crammed with adulations of bureaucratic militarism. He doesn't tell you that there were at one time in Washington

JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

43 government press agents pouring forth saccharine slush anent their bureaucratic hirers. He doesn't tell you how these servile pens painted for you a stately aerial fleet of 25,000 American planes which was going to bomb Germany from the world's map and how that bunk mirage melted down into just 213 planes overseas. The fact is during all this time you were inhaling chloroform with the cone held over your face by a servile press.

Mr. Cobb is right—more right than he dares to tell. But he tells you nothing about how the money masters drive the advertising press with a tight “check reign” hooked so high as to overlook their own misdeeds. Have some facts on this subject.

When one of the Gimbels—department store magnates of Philadelphia—was charged with the abhorrent crime of sodomy and committed suicide, not a single Philadelphia newspaper mentioned the startling event! It was not only legitimate news, but it was a most tremendous sensation which—but for Gimbel's control of the press by their huge advertising “reign” of their “checks”—would have been headlined, featured and screamed to the limit! But not a syllable, not a line, not a word in all Philadelphia pressdom! If this wasn't a “check reign” whereby the press was suppressed, what was it?

Henry Siegel was a New York department store magnate. His wife obtained a divorce and he looted the deposits of his work people and of others deposited in his store bank for safe keeping. Surely here was news, real news, news full

of "pep" and "punch" with a "wallop" for the New York press. But there was not a syllable, not a word, not a line in all New York pressdom until after Siegel's store failed—and the "check reign" of advertising bribery was cut—when it was played and displayed to the limit! Then the New York press was as abusive as it had formerly been servile. When Siegel's advertising "check reign" pulled tight there was never a lisp of his misdeeds, but when that was loosened by failure editorial high heads nosed out his misdoings with ease! The "check reign" was loosened and they could see! Here you have the press, the suppression while the "check reign" is tight and expression when it is loosed! Hence you get rule one in all advertising mediums: Mention advertisers in saccharine phrases cloyed with sweetness and drape the mantle of silence about their misdeeds. And hence also you get rule two in all advertising mediums: When the "check reign" is cut flay and remove the cuticle which once you fondly stroked. In prosperity smoothly lick the advertiser with the honeyed tongue of adulation and in adversity cut him to ribbons with lashes and stings of venom. Ah yes, the advertising press is as free as a slave and as truthful as Ananias!

We are now going to do a little testifying ourself and we are an expert witness too. Don't you ever think we don't know our subject. In various recent issues of this magazine we showed you that the Standard Steel Car Company in money, in material, in machinery and in buildings grabbed \$18,582,428 from your treasury for two hundred howitz-

er carriages delivered seven months after they could have been of any possible use; that the Jones & Laughlin Steel Company grabbed \$3,675,987 for some mythical toluol and ammonium phosphate never produced; that the "airgrafters" grafted upwards of a billion dollars from your treasury; that your ordnance department spent \$483,792,694 on 1876 contracts for shells without a single one of those shells ever reaching a firing line or being shot at an enemy; that 1,111,480 harnesses were bought for 67,498 horses overseas with 2,850,583 halters to hold 'em; that foodstuffs for your army were bought at altitudinous prices and withheld from you when you needed them and then a huge swamp filled with them; that you were looted out of hundreds of millions of dollars by "cost-plus" banditry in cantonment construction. All these facts and many more of their like with facts, details, circumstances and figures we spaded up and published. They were "news," they were real news—not one line of which any newspaper in this land had the "guts" to print. Why? Honest old John Swinton told you when he said to his fellow editors: "We are the tools and vassals of rich men behind the scenes. We are the jumping jacks, they pull the strings and we dance. We are intellectual prostitutes." "Kept" like any bedizened mistress by the "reign of the check." That's why!

The plain fact is that the most gigantic stealages ever looted on this planet—with the looters known and the amount of the lootages known—were covered up, concealed and ignored by a servile press when they should have been

blazoned forth and the looters grabbed by the throat and made to disgorge! The fact is that the servile advertising press prostrates itself before the golden calf of advertising and is then permitted to arise and strut upheld by the "reign of the check!"

Take now a bird's-eye view of this whole "reign" of the "check" proposition. What is worshipfully called "important money" rules and reigns in every issue of the press artfully subsidized, sustained and supported by enticing advertisements where the "reign" of the "check" is absolute. Its editors are "vassals and puppets" of that "important money" whose golden flow tinctures and taints every so-called news item and every editorial phrase. They have no choice. They can not photograph events as they occur with the camera of truth, but they must conceal, tint, taint and shade events with brushes dipped in the golden pigments of that "important money" which supports them! It's the "reign" of the "check"—autocratic, automatic and absolute!

Just so long as "important money" under the "reign" of the "check" pays the piper it will call the tune to which all America must dance. It called the tune during the world war and all America patriotically flung billions into the yawning coffers of patrioteers and profiteers and pseudo patriots. It called the tune—with soothing strains—after the world war, and under its melodious enticements all America swayed gently on while accomplished looters completed their pillagings by "liquidated damages," by "nego-

tiated settlements" and by "cost plus" accountings! It is still calling the tune—under the same soothing strains—and hopes that all America will gently sway on with no criminal prosecutions for thefts and with no civil suits to enforce return of lootage!

When will this ruthless "reign of the check" cease? It will cease only when "important money" is thrown out of the income hoppers of a subsidized press and when the counting room ceases to throttle editors. It's the most ruthless reign—this "check reign" and rein—ever set up on this planet and under its sway more wealth has been filched from its producers than has been drawn from all the gold mines of earth since Columbus discovered America!



After Death—The Iron Men



WHEN you punch Life's Time Clock and ope the Gates ajar be sure to leave enough dough in the family flour barrel to satisfy the ghoulish greed of the medico who countersigns your passport to the Hereafter. Otherwise, like Mahomet's coffin, you may be held in suspense betwixt the Here and the Hereafter.

Our Denver representative has disentombed the facts about two unentombed girlish bodies. It is as weird an o'er true tale of medical ghoulishness as was ever penned.

At Denver, Colorado in the early part of 1920 dwelt the Iverson family at 1431 Ogden street. There were two daughters Ida and Agnes. Of both the fatal flu took its toll. Ida died on January 24, 1920 and Agnes on March 2, 1920 and at this writing neither have been buried.

Dr. R. R. Blair attended Ida Iverson when she died as also did her sister Agnes a few weeks later. The family came to Denver from South Dakota and were overwhelmed by this double disaster. With difficulty there was raised and paid \$500—\$250 apiece—for the two caskets. The undertaker "got his." The bodies were then placed in the Yeager mortuary at Denver pending their removal to South Dakota—whither went the Iverson family—for burial.

Before the bodies could be removed and shipped to their old home for the last sad burial rites Dr. R. R. Blair sued out a Writ of Attachment for his bill of \$127.75 and a levy was made on the two coffins containing the girls' remains. Whether the bodies also were levied upon court records do not disclose—but anyway the coffins were!

The Iverson family wanted their dear dead to be decently interred. That is one of humanity's holiest emotions. They were practically strangers in Denver. Bowed with grief and doubtless near to the end of their resources, depleted by this doubled disaster, they went to their old home whence were to be shipped the remains of their dear ones to be laid 'neath the home sod. They couldn't quibble over the undertaker's charges and they didn't. They went their saddened way to the old home full of echoes of the memory of their dear dead and sacred to sorrow. Where girlish laughter once resounded and where girlish graces once had filled the old home—there would they take up life's broken threads. And there would they lay their dear dead where in summer flowers would bespangle their graves and where

JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

in winter they would rest 'neath a blanket as pure and as white as their flown spirits! Poor in money but rich in love thus they planned.

Then in came this medico ghoul with his inhuman Writ of Attachment. He couldn't—or at least didn't—prevent death but he could and did prevent burial of the dead! Sorrow he couldn't—or at least didn't—avert but to its burden he could and he did add an intolerable weight! What he intended to do with the coffins or with their contents if he got them is a mystery! Perhaps sell 'em to the next products of his skill!

Now comes the quaintest part of this gruesome tale of subter-human greed and of super-human brutality. Either the preening medico underwent a change of what he calls his heart or else he concluded that second-hand coffins were not a good advertisement for his professional skill or else the disposition of their contents embarrassed him—for about a year ago and about a year after its issuance the attachment suit was dropped for want of prosecution. But the undertaker, Rex. B. Yeager, never was notified and still holds at this writing in his mortuary the two coffins and their mortal remains. No court order advised him that he could release from medical vampirism its legal pledges to the outraged family.

The law—actuated by the most diabolical medical voracity ever graven on court records—could stop two funerals but it didn't give notice of the removal of its ban!

JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

Justice is blind. Oft too it is deaf and dumb. It must be or 'twould go mad with the crimes committed in its name.

Two young women, dead in their youth and beauty; a bereft family longing for the mortal remains of their dearest; medical voracity cold-bloodedly and weirdly preventing interment for a year and then the hand of Justice not releasing the ban it laid!

After Death—the Iron Men! And the irony of it all!







At all news-stands twenty-five cents per copy. Single copies direct from publishers, thirty-five cents, forwarding charges prepaid.

